

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

It was the land of poetry and of song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odour, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving in the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbersome binding and massive clasps; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

'The saints have you in their keeping!' said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

'The dear Madonna bless you!' ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

'And now,' said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, 'that your wounds are healing and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?'

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, 'I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank.'

'Of England!' hastily responded the merchant, 'of England! of heretic England!' He crossed himself devoutly,

and started back as if afraid of contamination.

'I may not deny home and country,' replied the soldier, mildly.

'But I should incur the church's censure for harbouring thee!' exclaimed the merchant; 'thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!'

'Then let me forth,' replied the soldier; 'you have been to me the good Samaritan; and I would not requite you with evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need.'

'Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and besides England was once one of the brightest jewels in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear me she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee!'

'Even so,' replied the soldier, 'but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by.'

'The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold,' replied the merchant, hastily; 'but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me, thou wert reading: what were thy studies?'

The brow of the soldier clouded—he hesitated a moment, but then gathering up his resolution, replied, 'In the din of battle this book was my breastplate, in



the hour of sickness my best palm,' and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

'Holy saint!' exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman. 'Thou art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here, may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt go forth! I will not harbour thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him.'

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun as he passed majestically on to the shrine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

'You are thinking of your own far off home,' said the Italian girl: 'how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!'

'There is such a home,' replied the soldier.

'Ah!' replied Emilia: 'but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer.'

The soldier smiled and sighed.

'You guess why I am here to-night,' resumed the Italian girl. 'I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and therefore, you smiled, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave the bright sun—and me.'

'Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to your implacable church?'

Emilia crossed herself, 'No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears. Go and be happy, and forget us.'

'Never!' exclaimed the soldier, earnestly—'never! and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a

foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with.'

'I shall see you no more,' said the young Italian, 'and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of floods and fields? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; and so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flower, and, when you had voice to speak, thanked me.'

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs, and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then with a momentary boldness the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listening to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

'Thou art sad, dear daughter,' said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we jostle on our way from the City of Westminster.

'Thou art sad, dear daughter.'

'Nay, my father,' replied the maiden, 'I would not do so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—'

'The heart is sad, thou wouldst say—'

'Nay, I mean it not.'

'I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England.'

'Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude!'

'They are running madly to some revelry.'

'Let us leave the path, then,' said the



girl; 'it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonoured faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry.'

'Well, and if it be so,' replied the father, 'happily the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow!—thou mayest catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream.'

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver and gold and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, 'the King! the king! long live the king!' He came—Henry VIII., came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendour, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, and the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and foreign aspect of the girl, had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic

contest was begun. Of course the English colours triumphed over the papal. Up to this point the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream, amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge, groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips, 'Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!' sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arms.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavoured to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cere-cloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made Lord Cromwell, vicar-general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favour with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to



the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached by lineage, and love, to papal Rome. Strangers, as they were, poor, unknowing and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope!

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places: a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passion in the judges as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire; and the pile and the stake were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age: the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the pope as a true son of the church; denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness, the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court.—“Room for Lord Cromwell! room for Lord Cromwell!” and the vicar-general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume the place of pre-eminence at that tribu-

nal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read, it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet when the vicar-general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feeling that divide men from monsters.—That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear; his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—“From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtedment.”

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. “Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birthplace?”

“We are Tuscans,” replied the merchant, “of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl.”

“To both, or to neither!” exclaimed the girl; “we will live or we will die together!”

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly; at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned; the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others, whither they would not: but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.



The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched,—to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, nay agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheek, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be? that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciation on his lip, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

'Awake, gentle girl, awake,' said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia, 'let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days.'

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings, and confusion, formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of 'Emilia! Emilia! awake, and behold our judge!'

'Nay, nay, not thus roughly,' said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent position into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

'Look on me, Emilia!' said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and in a voice of passionate amazement, she exclaimed, 'It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!'

'Even so,' said Lord Cromwell, 'even so, my dear, and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependant on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth, and kindly thoughts cross the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou used to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbed with agony of pain upon it; fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm: and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed?—to a prison and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father and share it.'

An hour! who dare prophecy its event? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowing captives of a prison: at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

#### UNITARIANISM IN THE FAR WEST.

THE rapid spread of liberal ideas concerning God, Christ, and humanity, within these last few years, is highly grat-



ifying to every liberal christian. But this golden harvest into which we have partly entered, is not the result of any spasmodic efforts on the part of the friends of liberalism, but is the rich crop which has sprung from the patient ploughing and sowing of our Unitarian forefathers. They laboured in the midst of the fiercest opposition and most bitter persecution for a simple and pure faith—for civil and religious liberty: they were often defeated, but every defeat was the precursor to a splendid victory. They not only scattered liberal ideas, but they spread a spirit which has extended beyond the confines of their own denomination,—permeating the established church—penetrating all parts of the world—crossing the stormy Atlantic, and under the shadow of the American Republic, is achieving such glorious victories over popular errors in Theology, as must gladden the spirits of our sainted fathers, if they are permitted to look down upon this nether world.

Unitarian christianity does not only flourish in the New England states; but is also taking root in the far West,—spreading its genial influence on every side. From Boston, the centre of our liberal faith, has gone forth a holy influence which is felt in Chicago on the one hand, and California on the other. No one can estimate the importance of carrying, and planting our faith in the virgin soil of the far West, to the future Republic. As a denomination they have ever been loyal to eternal right, lifting up their voice against the blighting influence of popular creeds, and against political immorality. In the present struggle they have, to a man, been for freedom and national unity. They have demonstrated that our Unitarian christianity is the prolific source from whence springs the noble virtues of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and heroism.

It is important to the future of the Republic, to see that the standard of our faith is unfurled in the West, for this mighty tract of country, with its rich soil and minerals, with its glorious lakes and rivers, is destined in the future to form the most important portion of the United States. Here the missionary has a boundless field of labour for brain and heart, to create sweeter manners and purer laws, to—

“Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart and kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

The Boston Unitarian, when he migrates to the far West, and should he settle in a place where there is no liberal church, he is sure to found one, thus he becomes a missionary of the noblest form of christianity. These Western churches although young, are warm and liberal, and each will become a centre of missionary effort, radiating far and near the angelic message, “Glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.”

During my peregrinations in the West, I was much struck with the rapid growth and developement of Chicago. Twenty years ago, it had a population from five to ten thousand souls, and now its population numbers one hundred and twenty thousand souls. The city is situated upon Lake Michigan, upon whose glassy bosom millions of bushels of wheat are borne to all parts of the world. It is too, the centre of a vast system of railroads, whose traffic, night and day, is immense. The city has some excellent buildings, both public and private. It has a large number of churches, some of them are distinguished for their architectural beauty, and others are plain, unpretending, wooden structures. The liberal element is represented by two Unitarian, and one Universalist churches.

I would remark *en passant*, that the Universalists of America are warm-hearted, and are doing a grand work in driving from the churches, that cruel dogma of eternal punishment in hell fire, which is so dishonouring to the character of God—so destructive of a sincere and loving piety, and obscuring, with its sombre shadows, the benevolent purposes of our heavenly Father.

The Unitarian Church of the Rev. Robt. Collyer, is of quite recent origin. It is the outcome of missionary labour, and is in a most flourishing condition. The pastor is a Yorkshireman, born on that spot made classic by the genius of Charlotte Bronte. He is a man of about thirty-eight to forty years of age; his face is open, frank, and beaming with intelligence and good-will. He has not taken his degree at any University, but matriculated from the Blacksmith's



anvil, and even learned men delight to listen to his original, racy, and simple eloquence. You cannot listen to his sermons or lectures, without feeling that he is a power—without feeling the impartiality of nature in the distribution of her gifts, for she as frequently crowns the toiler at the anvil with her immortal graces, as the student at the most famous University. The mere scholarly preacher could not do his work out West, however richly he might be laden with scientific lore. Metaphysical sermons, would send the people to sleep; but common sense views of God, Christ, and immortality, presented with freshness and earnestness, is sure to win their way into their hearts. High scholarship is excellent in its place in our denomination; but it is not of so much importance now, as when our fathers had to preach, criticise, and defend; science and literature are now our grand allies, and are doing all we could desire, to defend and establish our Unitarian faith. The times require men like Collyer, with ability, character, and holy fire, to proclaim our liberal Christianity to the people. There is no valid reason why our views should be “cribb’d, cabin’d, and confin’d,” to platonic circles—to a cultured few—to an intellectual aristocracy; our ship freighted with such rich spiritual truths, should let loose its moorings, and sail forth majestically to bless the people. It is high time that that prejudice was exploded, which would fain make us believe that no good thing can come out of Nazareth. Let us tell the people that good has come out of Nazareth—that from the carpenter’s shop, has gone forth ideas which will regenerate the world—which will sanctify and ennoble the race; and from the anvil and the bench will arise men whose eloquence and poetry will hasten on the golden future.

The progress of Unitarianism in America rejoices many hearts. I rejoice in the culture of its ministers, in the integrity of its individual professors, in the happy influence it is exerting upon the morals of the people, and I pray that ere long it will be lit up with the flame of devotional fire, and that religion, which was so eloquently preached, may spread its benignant influence to every niche of the Republic.—JOHN BEVAN, *London*.

## WORTH BETTER THAN SHOW.

A YOUNG oriental prince was visiting at the castle of a duke in one of the finest counties in England. He looked from his window into a beautiful garden, and inhaled the fragrance which was wafted toward him by the gentle breath of June.

“What exquisite perfume,” he cried; “bring me, I pray you, the flower which so delights my sense. See you yonder stately stalk, bearing on its shaft those gorgeous lilies, that is undoubtedly the plant I seek.”

They brought the curious lily of Africa.

“Its odour is nauseating,” he said: “but bring me that flower of a hue so much deeper and richer than even the beautiful roses of my own fair land.”

It was a dahlia, and its scent was even less agreeable than that of the lily.

“Can it be, then, the large white blossoms clustered on yonder bush, or the blue cups on the neighbouring shrub?” he asked.

No, the snowball and campanula proved alike scentless.

“Surely it must be in that golden ball,” he said; “for so showy a bloom should at least charm the nostril, as well as the eye.”

“Faugh!” It was a marigold.

At length they placed in his hand a wee brown blossom.

“So unpretending a thing as this can not surely be that for which I seek,” exclaimed the prince, with a vexed air—“this appears to be nothing better than a weed.”

He cautiously lifted it to his face.

“Is it possible?” he cried. “It is really this unobtrusive brown weed which gives forth so precious an odour! Why it hangs over the whole garden, and comes fanning in at my window like the very breath of health and purity. What is the name of this little darling?”

“Precisely that, your highness,” answered his attendant—“this flower is called ‘mignonette, the little darling.’”

“Wonderful! wonderful!” repeated the astonished prince, placing it in his bosom.

“Thus your highness perceives,” remarked his tutor, gravely, “that the humble and unpretending often exhale the most precious virtues.”



## THE EXPERIENCES OF RUTH TAYLOR, GOVERNESS.

RACHEL EVANS.

"Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,

"Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just.

"Then it is the brave man chooses; while the coward stands aside,

"Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,

"And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

"It shall greatly helpe ye to understande Scripture, yf thou marke not onely what is spoken or wrytten, but of whom, and to whom, with what wordes, at what time, where, to what intent, with what circumstance, consyderinge what goeth before and what followeth."—*Myles Coverdale.*

I AROSE from the dejection into which my decision had thrown me, with feelings greatly subdued, but with a greater depth of affection for my own family. Thrown off, as it were, from the ties of love that had lately wound themselves around me, I could now concentrate my sympathy, and it was wholly with the dear ones, for whom I more than ever longed to exert myself. On my return for the holidays, I found my father looking much older than I expected. I could scarcely imagine that six months could have made so great a difference. With him ten years seemed to have passed. His hair had turned quite grey; his eyes, once so full of fire, were dull and glassy, and deep furrows were worn in his expansive forehead. At first I thought my mother but little altered. She had generally the same placid look, the same cheerful smile as formerly; but on closer inspection I could perceive that a line of silver was drawn through her auburn hair; a glance of deep anxiety occasionally crossed her countenance when she looked at my father, and her gayest smile was often followed by an unconscious sigh. My father declined influencing me at all with regard to my late decision; but when I told him the result, he became deeply affected, caught me in his arms, and was for some time unable to speak. Then he said, slowly, "Ruth, you have decided for me as well as for yourself. I also am a teacher, and can I retain my situation unless I am permitted to teach according to the dictates of my con-

science? Heaven forbid that I should any longer act a lie. I have borne a heavy weight on my conscience for the last few years. But now by the bright example of my child God helps me to decide, and I can no longer falter. Assuredly, He will not fail us in our hour of need. Ruth, I must resign my cure."

"And why, father?" "Because I dissent wholly and entirely from the doctrines of the Established Church. How then can I disseminate principles which I firmly believe are contrary to the truth."

"Principles, father?" "Yes, principles. There are high and holy principles of action which are totally at variance with those narrow views of human nature inculcated by our Church." "But, father, at your time of life—" "Yes, at my time of life, as you observe, it is bitter, it is heart-rending, with a wife and family dependent on me, to give up all hope of a livelihood; but Ruth, the die is cast. Help me! oh help me, my child, to adhere to my firm conviction of what is right. I have been dragging on a weary existence for years, conscious of my sin, in professing what I did not believe, ashamed to look my congregation in the face, lest they should discover my falsehood; shunning the society of the neighbouring clergymen, with whom I have no sympathy in common; above all, declining, as often as possible, to meet the good Bishop of our diocese, knowing that he, more quickly than all my friends, would discover the motives of my evident dislike to my professional duties. Ruth, the change for myself will be for the better; it will be an inexpressible relief. I shall feel that I am a man once more, and shall hold again a blessed communion with my Heavenly Father,—but oh for the dear ones at my side—" Here the husband and father broke down in anguish. "Ruth, we have no means to meet the exigencies of poverty. You know how hardly already we have been able to keep the wolf from the door with our small pittance. What shall we do, my child? I cannot yet enter on the subject calmly with your dear mother." "My father, God will provide. He never forsakes those who obey his holy will. There is no sacrifice to which we may not be equal, when acting under his divine favour. He who gave his best



beloved to die on the cross, will surely give the needed strength to one who sacrifices his earthly interests to the cause of truth. My father, I have felt lately that self-sacrifice should be the one all-important principle of action in this life. Like our beloved Saviour, we must ever be ready and willing to lay down our lives for others; above all, we must sacrifice every thing for the sake of religious truth. How many may be directly, and indirectly, influenced by your decision? Like a seed sown in good ground, it may produce a hundred-fold. My father, I am preaching a little sermon to you, that you may have time to gather up your energies for the coming conflict. Do not hesitate, Oh, my beloved father! If in this world we should have only trial and tribulation; in another, we shall assuredly rejoice together in the sunshine of our Father's love." Thus I reasoned with my father, and with myself, for I well knew the trials to which we should be exposed by this all-important change. But to doubt, would lead to spiritual death. "All that is not of faith is sin," I said to myself; and truly I felt that to move always under this sense of sin, would destroy all vitality at once. "No, rather let us live by faith; live in the secret persuasion, that we are acting according to our consciences, and in accordance with our Father's will. Then, and only then, should we enjoy that peace of mind which indeed passes all understanding. The sacrifice must be made. I undertook to convey my father's decision to my dear mother. How she bore it only those can understand who know the devotedness of deep affection. What my father willed,—she willed; cheerfully yielding to the urgency of the occasion; placing all in her heavenly Father's hands, and rejoicing that at length she had learnt the secret of her husband's dejection. "Now, Ruth," she said, "we shall set all right. You and I, my child, will do wonders. We will work for one who has hitherto worked for us. Your father is not strong. He must have rest. We will continue to give him this." "I pray God to grant me strength to fulfil your blessed intentions, my darling mother," I said, "you shall see how I will work, if only the way be pointed out to me. I shall lose no

time in getting more pupils. I was thinking, dear mother, of my having them at home." "I fear, Ruth, that would not succeed. Your father and I have no near relations, and in this retired village, we have kept up no connections to interest themselves for us. We must not depend on this. I fear, my child, you must again undertake a situation." "Oh, how gladly, mother, if you think it best!" And so it was decided. The die was cast. My father passed through the terrible ordeal of resigning his curacy and retiring from the Church of England, overwhelmed with the obloquy consequent on being a heretic, and taunted with his weakness in dissenting on points of doctrine "which after all were slight, of no such vital importance, and which should never have taken him from the Established Church." "I must answer for my conduct to God and my conscience," said he firmly, after hearing every argument that could be produced against him. \* \* \* And so with many tears we quitted the place of our birth, and the poor people we loved so well, to enter upon a new life in the great metropolis. Here my father obtained a room in which he preached to the scattered poor of the neighbourhood. He also visited them indefatigably; raising the fallen, and comforting the weak and sorrowing by pouring into their ears the words of the blessed Jesus. My father also lectured on Botany, and other scientific subjects at various Institutes, contributing also valuable papers to the periodicals, which from their research and acuteness were readily admitted. In the meantime, my mother and I arranged our little household on the most economical plan. We kept no servant; lived chiefly on milk and vegetables, and plied our needles with all diligence to eke out our scanty income, yet those were days of great happiness. The blessing of God was on our labours. We seemed to be drawn nearer to Him by our precarious means of subsistence, for every farthing we earned, we felt deeply grateful; and the prayers we daily offered were from truly earnest, loving hearts. Oh, it is a blessed privilege to rely thus with confidence on the watchful providence of the Almighty; that is when the conscience is at peace, and the mind at rest from



all overpouring anxiety ! For that twelvemonth of noble self-sacrifice, of struggling poverty, and of fondly united family affection, I humbly thank thee, Oh, my Heavenly Father !

I subjoin my father's articles of dissent:—1st, I dissent from the Church of England because it fails in that catholicity of spirit which so eminently distinguished the Church of Christ, and which, indeed, was its life and breath. There is a pharasaical pride and exclusiveness which infects both priests and people. They are taught and made to feel that their position is altogether superior to that of other people. As a body they are virtually raised above their brethren, and it is thus difficult to maintain a humble christian spirit.

Secondly,—I cannot conscientiously repeat the creeds of the Established Church. They also are totally opposed to the christian doctrine. Our Lord nowhere enjoins the worship of three Gods, or of three persons in one God,—one of which is tantamount to the other. If I worship the Son as supreme, I cannot worship the Father as supreme, or the Holy Ghost as supreme.

Thirdly,—That all dissenters should be condemned to everlasting punishment for not upholding doctrines which Christ never taught is an opinion as far from the Christian spirit as darkness from light.

Fourthly,—I believe, with our Saviour, that a little child is the emblem of all purity and innocence, and truly meet for the kingdom of heaven. We can enter heaven in no other way than by preparing our minds for its pure and heavenly pleasures ; casting aside all our sins, and becoming regenerate as it were, by being in simplicity and truth, little children. The doctrine of original sin and of baptismal regeneration, appears to me opposed to all this.

Fifthly,—I dissent from the Church of England, because it places trammels on a man's conscience : saying with regard to his belief, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It forbids all free inquiry, which is a vital principle of Protestantism. In fact, it withdraws from man his noblest privilege of thinking for himself, and entangling him with a yoke of bondage ; it sets at nought "the

liberty of the sons of God, whereby Christ has made us free." It is useless to talk of the freedom of Protestantism, when a limit is put to the interpretation of the Scriptures.

Sixthly,—I dissent from the Church of England because I fear always that ecclesiastical power may encroach on the liberties of the subject. I have seen the strongest man cowed in the presence of his bishop. It becomes not one man to usurp authority over another in spiritual matters. The dignity of human nature forbids all priestcraft.

Lastly,—I dissent from the Church of England because its rubric is still tainted with Romanism, whereby many have returned to the errors of the Romish Church, and have endeavoured to introduce them among their hearers. In this enlightened period it behoves men to advance in their knowledge of Christian truth, and not to return to the puerilities of the dark ages. A reformation is again needed for Protestants: distant murmurs are even now heard, proclaiming that mighty force of enlightened opinion, which shall overwhelm those errors which now disfigure pure Christianity.

## THE COMPENSATIONS OF PHYSICAL WEAKNESS.

MANY of our greatest geniuses have been persons of some remarkable physical weakness at some period of their lives. Kirke White always was feeble ; Coleridge was nearly all his life ; Walter Scott, as a boy ; and both he and Lord Byron had one, if indeed the latter had not two, deformed feet. Robert Hall was a martyr to a series of complicated disorders through life, a diseased spine making him suffer the agonies of a thousand deaths. It would seem, then, that suffering gives a peculiar sensitiveness to the whole nervous system, or in some way connected with it, and that it is in this acute and sensitive state of mind that all the highest works and efforts of genius are produced. In private life as in public, the same thing is observable. Who cannot call to mind some member of a family always ailing, always sick, and yet the most exemplary and influential member of the family circle ? In



the country, such a child will grow up with tastes so pure and simple, habits so neat and refined, and affections so elevated, as to give all the results of a most finished education without going through any of the fashionable forms of city instruction. She may be the weakest of the whole, and yet her words of love and gentleness light up the entire family circle, and rule and regulate and refine the whole. Or in the humble walks of city life, one such weak and sickly child may contrive to establish habits of neatness and cleanliness and refinement in an attic or in a cottage, as much as if she dwelt in a palace. If she dies, her memory is fragrant; the whole family circle, perhaps the neighbourhood, are really elevated by the memory of the plans and habits she first established, and of the atmosphere she breathed. But if she recover, then she carries up into life and vigour, the neatness, order, and quiet elevation first conceived through the refining processes of suffering and of sorrow.

Our best writers, our most ingenious inventors, our most acute metaphysicians, clearest thinkers, and ablest discoverers, can generally trace some sharpening of the intellect and refining of the nervous system to a sickness or enfeeblement at some period or other in life. And thus it is that the sickness which weakens and wearies for the time, and incapacitates for exertion afterwards, capacitates for a tenfold and higher excellence and usefulness. So long as the depressing effects of sickness lasted, it was wasting and hindering; but these soon pass away, and leave a permanent elevation and improvement on every side.—*Country Parson.*

### SPRING, AUTUMN, AND ETERNITY.

"He hath made everything beautiful in his time."—Ecclesiastes iii. 11.

THERE are two things I dearly love,  
In nature's circling year,  
Which lift my spirit far above  
The weight of earthly care;  
They bring before my eager view  
The brightness of a home,  
Where all their loveliness is true,  
Nor change can ever come.

The early times of Spring's first hours,  
Bring freshness to the heart;  
They rouse the wearied spirit's power,  
And sweeter life impart;  
Her dancing breezes gently woo  
The blossoms of the rose,  
All wet with sparkling morning dew,  
Their petals to inclose.  
The weary sufferer of pain,  
The bowed with care or grief,  
Hail her returning once again,  
With hopes of sweet relief;  
Spring flowers cannot fail to bring  
Calm and consoling thought,  
Her many voices ever sing  
Of joy to mortals brought.  
But how, O Autumn, shall I dare  
To paint thy gorgeous hues;  
The softness of thy morning air,  
Thine evening's pearly dews;  
The solemn grandeur of thy night,  
Whose starry crown is set  
With gems more radiantly bright  
Than earthly coronet?  
The glory of thy sunset hour,  
When all is calm and still,  
Brings full conviction of the power  
That heaven and earth doth fill;  
Oh! who can gaze upon thy skies,  
As twilight shades them o'er,  
And not from earthly dreamings rise,  
Their Maker to adore?  
The wreath of fading Summer flowers  
Is yet upon thy brow,  
But all the mirth of Summer hours  
Is changed to sadness now.  
And yet upon thy dying head  
A solemn beauty lies,  
More glorious than the riches spread  
'Neath Summer's glowing skies.  
Ever, O Autumn, shalt thou be  
To us an emblem meet  
Of spirits sinking peacefully  
To slumber calm and sweet;  
Though thy delights not long may last,  
Yet ours shall still increase;  
Thy reign be soon for ever past,  
But ours shall never cease.  
Ah! not like thee shall pass away  
The Christian's hope and joy;  
We look for an eternal day,  
And bliss without alloy—  
For glories hid from mortal sight,  
Revealed in realms above—  
For fadeless crowns of heavenly light,  
And perfectness of love.



## THOMAS BELSHAM.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

UNITARIANS call no man master. They range themselves under the banners of no earthly leader. One and one only is their master, even Christ. Still they cannot but hold in affectionate veneration names which are theirs by right of inheritance—names of men every way distinguished for virtue, talents, and learning—men who nobly devoted themselves to the defence and propagation of doctrines which, however unpopular in their own days, were the precious truths of Christ's holy Gospel, and for the enlightenment of the mind and the salvation of the soul. Amongst the worthies who should be held in grateful as well as lasting remembrance, we may well commemorate Thomas Belsham, the great champion of Christian Unitarianism in the beginning of the present century, and who did very much by his writings, his preaching, and his conversation, to spread the knowledge of its truth, as by his life—pure, consistent and self-sacrificing—he adorned the doctrine. And yet his life, like that of many other studious persons, presents little of incident. To outward observation, it was uneventful, and throughout tranquil and serene. Still without were some fightings, and within, from great sensitiveness, many fears—many very painful struggles—ere the understanding could be freed from the thralldom of early opinions and prepossessions. He had a natural and amiable desire to stand well in the estimation of the many excellent persons by whom, in the course of a long life, he was successively surrounded, but whose views may have been greatly opposed to his own—opposed to the fresh lights continually beaming on his mind. Yet he was never false to his convictions. He was peculiarly open to the reception of truth, and ever ready to obey the dictates of his conscience, at whatever sacrifice might be demanded. "Truth," he was accustomed to remark, was to him victory. And this was no empty boast. He changed his opinions—he manfully avowed the change; for he felt that he had been brought from darkness to light—from a narrow and intolerant creed to one of liberty and love, and above all to correct Scriptural views of God and of the Christian dispensation; and he saw how God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. For many years he most vigorously as well as earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints, counting all things but dross, for the knowledge of Christ and his salvation.

It has been thought, however, even amongst ourselves, but most erroneously, that Mr. Belsham delighted in controversy for its own sake—was never at ease unless engaged in some pen and ink warfare. Hence unfavourable estimates of his character have been formed. He was, in truth, very rarely the assailant—he, for the most part, stood on his defence, or what was the same thing to him, in defence of the principles he loved dearer than his own life, whilst not seldom he was unfairly if not coarsely attacked. Then, it is true, he sprang to the rescue, and his blows fell on the adversary with no little force. The

whole so-called religious world seemed to be in arms against him, and he repelled with might and main. He knew his position, and what was expected from him; he was aware of his intellectual strength—he felt that a great work was confided to his keeping, and he was ever a workman that needed not to be ashamed. He was instant in season—at times he may have been a little also out of season; but this fault, if fault it were, will readily be excused by those who value honesty and decision of purpose. Surely he may be forgiven this wrong.

Thomas Belsham was the son of a highly esteemed Dissenting Minister, at Bedford, and was born there in 1750. He presents another instance of the blessed effects of maternal training in piety and goodness, for his mother was an eminently pious woman, and, in conjunction with his excellent father, trained this their son in the way he never departed from all his life long. After the usual discipline of a Grammar School, he was transferred to the Daventry Academy, where many singularly useful ministers had received their education. Mr. Belsham himself presided over this institution in subsequent years—nay, before the time of his probation as a student was expired, such was his diligence and proficiency, and such the unaffected dignity of his character, he was appointed assistant tutor, an office he retained for three or four years after his call to the ministry. From Daventry Mr. Belsham at length proceeded to Worcester, to become the pastor of a small but extremely respectable congregation there. This step was taken at the earnest request of his family and friends, among whom was the once celebrated Job Orton—"the last of the Puritans," as he fondly deemed himself—a good but narrow-minded man, who appears to have taken the wise preacher's maxim literally "that laughter is madness." Mr. Belsham, however, always entertained much veneration for Mr. Orton, and as he was himself no ascetic, and by no means averse to innocent enjoyment, we must suppose that Orton was more genial in private life than his writings would lead us to imagine.

But the directors of Daventry College wanted a person at the head of affairs there of a resolved character, of unimpeachable integrity of principle, and in the prime of his life, and it was unanimously resolved to invite Mr. Belsham to fill the important office of Theological Tutor and President. He felt that duty called him to this post, and though he regretted exceedingly leaving his attached friends at Worcester, he did not hesitate to proceed to Daventry. And here we cannot but see fresh reason to admire the leadings of Divine Providence, and how the steps of pious men are ordered by the will of God. It was at Daventry, whilst sedulously performing the many and onerous duties of his office, that Mr. Belsham became a Unitarian, and from his Daventry connexion that he was called to posts of high honour and usefulness in the Unitarian Church. At Worcester, in all human probability, he would have remained in obscurity to the end of his life, and the benefit of his great and rare talents have thus been lost to the world—to our own denomination especially. And most singular



would his conversion appear, were we not assured that all is directed by unerring wisdom, and that all events tend to the glory of Him of whom and through whom are all things. Mr. Belsham had been, whilst Theological Tutor at Daventry, rather painfully struck with the fact that many of the most promising of the pupils had become Unitarians. He had never attempted to bias their minds any way doctrinally. Still his own opinions were what is known as moderate Calvinism. He determined, with his characteristic love of truth, to draw up a list of the texts usually urged on each side of the question, yet with very little doubt at the time that the balance would incline to his own. He was surprised, and for some time greatly perplexed at finding so small countenance could be derived from Scripture for the doctrines he had hitherto espoused; but he unhesitatingly followed the light now streaming on his mind. That light conducted him to Unitarian views, and in these he ever after most joyfully rested. Nothing now remained for him but to announce his change of opinions to the Trustees of the Academy, and to tender his resignation, which was accepted, but in the kindest manner, and with the most affectionate wishes for his future happiness. Mr. Belsham was speedily called to the Theological chair at the New College, Hackney, and soon after was chosen Minister of the Gravel Pit Meeting there. In the year 1805, on the resignation of the venerable Theophilus Lindsey, of the Essex Street Chapel, Mr. Belsham was unanimously elected his successor, and for five and twenty years he continued to minister to the large and important Unitarian Congregation assembling in that place. In this dignified position, the first in reputation and usefulness in the kingdom, he remained till his death, in 1829.

It was here, in the midst of ardently attached and beloved friends, that Mr. Belsham produced his most important works—made himself for the time a mark for the arrows of ignorant misrepresentation, but was never driven by their assault from his equanimity or steadiness of purpose. He became the biographer of his admirable predecessor, as for many years he was his attached friend. He was the prime mover in the publication of the valuable though much maligned Improved Version of the New Testament, for which he furnished the notes and the excellent introduction. He defended Unitarianism from assaults directed from the highest quarters, and always successfully. His style was certainly at times very caustic; but then he was assailed most ungenerously. His great work is his translation, with notes, of all Paul's epistles, in four octavo volumes. This was also his last of any consequence. This is a highly important production, though it must be acknowledged that in some parts he does not satisfy the majority of Unitarians any more than he does Trinitarians. However, it never can be consulted without profit. Mr. Belsham was master of a thoroughly English style—not highly ornamented, but chaste and vigorous. One of its great merits is you are never at a loss to understand his meaning; that is always clear as crystal, and thus it contrasts most favourably with

much that passes current at the present day—muddy and mystical—meaning everything, anything, nothing at all, according to the feelings or predispositions of the reader.

We as Unitarians are proud, and with just reason, of Thomas Belsham. He did a great and necessary work in his day, and was a right worthy successor of Priestley and Lindsey. The work has been carried on and well-nigh perfected by Channing and Ware. Each of these honoured men laboured in his own way—all laboured successfully, and to the glory of God. In faith, and earnestness, and love, we must follow them, for "the memory of the just is blessed."

### THE STRAYED LAMB.

TRAVELLING between Moffat and Dumfries with a friend, we observed a numerous flock of sheep grazing near the road side. It was in the lambing season, so that the eye was struck by the pleasing sight of the innocent lambs gambolling by their mother's sides, fondling about them, and receiving that nourishment which all-provident nature has thus bestowed on them. A verdant field, whitened over by the fleecy tribe, is an interesting spectacle to the admirer of nature, to one who contemplates with gratitude and praising the works of the great Creator; nor will he whose heart is rightly organized, and has not undergone the denaturalizing of criminal enjoyments, cast a look upon the humble flock, without feeling that these gentle, inoffensive animals, feed and clothe him. The features of the lamb have for me a very tender interest: meekness and spotless innocence adorn them, and the train of thought which they excite, leads the mind higher and into a deeper and sublimer cast of reflection, than would accord with these hasty and imperfect pages.

We stopped a few minutes to admire the scene, my friend was fond of agriculture, and a smile of kindness and pity, which was mutual between us, evinced what we felt, as the little harmless ones bounded and frisked about, and ever and anon returned to their milky feast. It is sweet, even in the brute creation, to witness maternity; and here it was faithfully depicted. The mute look of love thrown on the minor animal, dependent for support and nutriment on the larger one; the affectionate caresses given and reciprocated; the return of the little rambler after playing about for a few moments—all these have more in them than an unfeeling world is aware of. After some remarks on the part of my companion, connected with farming and the breeding of cattle, we journeyed on, whilst one of the flock, a lamb as white as the driven snow, bounded and curvetted, with much grace and agility, by the side of our chaise. It was, for some minutes, an object of mirth; after which we turned from it, and fell into conversation. It, however, continued following us, so that, at the distance of about a mile, I saw its shadow in the sun. I thought it probable that the dam was not far off; but a kind of uneasiness, over which I had no control, seemed to tell me that the wanderer was alone. I looked out of the window, and found that my apprehensions were



true. The wheels still turned around, distance and time accompanying them; for thus both slip away. I now called to the post-boy, and requested him to alight, and drive back the poor thing; recommending him, at the same time, merely to crack his whip, and upon no account whatever to use violence. The pretty creature stopped short, accented a complaint, looked undecided—but upon the second crack of the whip, retraced its steps. Our driver remounted, and we went on a little farther. I now felt what is vulgarly called fidgety. I gave unconnected answers to what was said to me; I played (unknowingly) with a tassel at the chaise window: I was accused of being absent in thought—and I was so for my mind was with the lamb. At length, I again put my head out of the window; and shall I never forget (trifling and foolish let the misanthropist and pedant call it—the proud, the ambitious, the tyrant, and the miser, together with the whole tribe of insensibles)—no, I shall never forget the attitude of the strayed lamb; it hesitated, looked one way and the other, bleated loud and sorrowful, and, after a short pause, started after us again. I could now contain myself no longer, but calling out to our driver the second time to stop, I let down the step, and without further preface or apology to my friend, proceeded towards the weak and gentle animal: ‘It must be fatigued,’ said I to myself; ‘it will never be able to regain its native field; it must die, if it is severed from its dam: to take it and advertise it, to attempt to bring up it by hand, might fail to be successful.’ But I confess I thought far less of the owner of the flock, than I did of the bleeding bosom of maternal love: as I approached, the little runaway receded, and I was now in a dilemma, from which my companion relieved me by coming up at the moment, and just as I was going to address him, by saying, ‘No apology, I beg of you; I know your meaning without a word; we will walk back to the sheepfold.’ I could have hugged him to my bosom for this act of sympathy, but silence is often more eloquent than the most flowery language; I shook him most cordially by the hand, and folding my arm in his, we walked leisurely and gravely in a retrograde direction: the driver, who had not caught soft sensibility’s infection, appeared to grumble; but I appeased him by assuring him that the road and his time should both be paid for. We had proceeded about five hundred yards, when I perceived the mother travelling after the young lost one, with every nerve and sinew strained, bleating and bemoaning, drooping the head, and in all possible apparent agony; the strayed one perceived her, and leaped with joy at perceiving her; a few moments united them, and the scene was truly affecting. Never did I ascend the step of a travelling carriage with heart and feet so light; a weight was taken off my spirits: I satisfied a small but gratifying duty of humanity, and I felt more pleased than if I had gained a lawsuit or a victory. What do I say? There is no comparison; for in this act, all the created beings concerned, were made happy; in the other case, man must injure man in some shape; and if blood gained not the ascendancy,

wounded feelings and divided friendships must pay the sacrifice; but here was all gain and no loss. ‘To bring back the strayed lamb to the sheepfold, is no bad account of a day’s transactions;’ but it was impossible that my interior should lead me no further; this link of life’s chain was not a single one; there are wanderers still more heart-commanding than this pretty, defenceless, and hopeless quadruped: objects of more profound anxiety, and whose well-doing or aberrations call upon the vigilant eye and throbbing bosom of man, attract our sympathy, share our gentlest, our warmest affections, and claim our protective watchfulness; the first of our best feelings is to love and succour them; it is a law dictated by inclination, and written in brightest characters of light above; a law, the observance of which pays for the delightful task—a task where mercy and love unite in one pure and chaste embrace, where hand in hand, and heart linked to heart, these sister virtues are inseparable. Blessed! for ever blessed! be the affectionate soul and strong nervous arm which are exerted to rescue the forlorn and lost wanderer—the lamb of human form, which has artlessly and unsuspectingly been misled from the family fold, the parental roof, which protected her infant innocent years, under which her angel-like smiles first opened on a parent’s fond sight, and where peace and safety hovered round her couch of repose! May the powers of that hand, which holly led her back, never fail in the hour of danger, nor be poor and unprovided when the wretched seek its aid! May that tongue, borrowing eloquence from a divine source which pleads in the wanderer’s cause, and effects reconciliation and peace of mind restored; never lose its plea at that tribunal, from whence grace and mercy derived their existence! And O! may that deed stand chronicled when brass and marble moulder and decay, and when the worm shall be the bed-fellow of what was.

#### THE ASSEMBLY’S CATECHISM.

BEING at Northampton a little before the death of Governor Strong I had the honor of passing an afternoon at his house.

And towards the cool of a hot summer’s day, he took me into his orchard, at one extremity of which stood what was left of a very large and ancient tree. It looked, though in ruins, as if many generations might once have sat under its shadow. Yet nothing remained of it then but a barren, rotten trunk,

“Nor leaf, nor branch, nor life was found  
Where all that pride had been.”

“This tree,” said the Governor, stopping before it, “was planted by my great, great, great, grandfather as long ago as 1648. ‘Sir,’ I replied ‘that is not only a long time since, but it was a memorable year. For, as your Excellency doubtless remembers, it was in 1648, that the Assembly’s Catechism was put forth by the Divines of Westminster.’”

“You are right,” said he, with one of his archest smiles, “and I am not quite sure, which is the most rotten of the two—this old trunk or the Assembly’s Catechism.”



## RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

THE following is a part of a conversation which recently took place on the future Resurrection of the body.

U.—Then you believe in the resurrection of this old identical body of flesh and blood, which we have in this world?

P.—Yes, of course, I do, and that is the doctrine of the Bible.

U.—Well, I have an old Bible round here somewhere in the house which says that “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.”

P.—Well, at death the soul and body are separated, but they will come together, and we shall then have the same bodies we had in this world. The body will go up to the judgment, and soul and body will be rewarded and punished then.

U.—But “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.”

P.—Well, the body and soul will be judged together, but they may be separated again for all I know.

U.—Then you believe in a second separation of soul and body, one at death, and one after the resurrection, a final one, do you?

P.—Well, perhaps so!

And here “the talk” on this point ended. People seem to exercise but little common sense in religion. No man would reason in that childish way upon political affairs, or matters of a worldly kind. We wonder where the body goes after that second separation. The soul of the good man goes to, or is with God. But where is his body? The soul of the bad man goes to—according to the creeds—the world of retribution and despair. But where is his body? Won't some orthodox gentleman who believes in the resurrection of this old fleshly body, tell us how we are to understand Paul when he says, “Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.”

## THE DUMB GIRL.

SHE is my only girl;

I asked for her as some most precious thing,  
For all unfinished was Love's jewelled ring,

Till set with this fair pearl;  
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see,

How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh! many a soft old tune

I used to sing unto that deadened ear,  
And suffered not the lightest footstep near,

Lest she might wake too soon;  
And hushed her brother's laughter while she lay—  
Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed

That this our daughter might not speak to me;  
Waited and watched, God knows how patiently!

How willingly deceived;

Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,  
And tended Hope until it pined to death.

Oh! if she could but hear

For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
To call me *mother*, in the broken speech

That thrills the mother's ear!

Alas! these sealed lips never may be stirred  
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries

To see her kneel with such a reverent air,  
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer:

Or lift those earnest eyes

To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,  
Then move her own, as she were speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up

To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,  
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,

That I could almost hope

The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,  
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,

The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,  
All the grand music to which Nature moves,  
Are wasted melody

To her: the world of sound a tuneless void:  
While even *Silence* hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;

Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould  
The soft, white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,

Ripples her shining hair.

Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,  
For He who made it keeps the master key.

Wills He the mind within

Should from earth's Babel clamour be kept free,  
E'en that His still small voice and step might be

Heard at its inner shrine,

Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?  
Then should I grieve? O murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense

Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.  
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,

Whose voiceless eloquence

Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear  
That e'en her father would not care for her.

Thank God, it is not so!

And when his sons are playing merrily,  
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.

Oh! at such times I know—

By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—  
How his heart yearns toward his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,

Even now. How could I say she did not speak!  
What real language lights her eye and cheek,

And renders thanks to Him who left

Unto her soul yet open avenues

For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give

To her defect a beauty of its own.

And we a deeper tenderness have known

Through that for which we grieve.

Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,  
Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,

What rapture will its first experience be,  
That never woke to meaner melody

Than the rich songs of heaven—

To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,  
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**A GENIAL MOMENT.**—The greatest and most brilliant of human conceptions have been the births of a genial moment, and not the wooden carving of logical toil.

**LAST WILL.**—On opening the will, a few days since, of a gentleman who had expended an extremely handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following: "If I had died possessed of a thousand pounds, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Thomas B——, but as I have not sixpence, he must accept the *will* for the *deed*."

**A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.**—A Greek pirate captured an European vessel and butchered the crew. On trial, the ringleader was asked, when he had robbed the ship of every thing else, why he had not also carried off a fine piece of beef which hung on deck? "Would you have me eat on fast days?" replied the miscreant, and shuddered at the very thought of such an impiety.

**A FRENCH REFORMER.**—One of the labourers elected to be deputy in the precinct under the administration of M. de Casign, had the appearance of a man who could make no great pretensions to wit. "Well," said M. Casign to this man, after having placed him at table by his side, "what do you promise to ask of the states general?" "The suppression of *Pigeons*, of *Rabbits* and of *Monks*." "Why, truly, that is a strange mode of classing them." "Nay, my lord, it is very clear. The first devours us in the *seed*, the second in the *blade*, and the third in the *sheaf*."—*Baron de Grimm*.

**RELIGION.**—Whoever takes a view of the world, will find that what the greatest parts of mankind have agreed to call religion, has been only some outward exercise, esteemed sufficient to work a reconciliation with God. It has moved them to build temples, slay victims, offer up sacrifices, to fast and feast, to petition and thank, to laugh and cry, to sing and sigh by turns; but it has not yet been found sufficient to induce them to break off an error, to make restitution of ill-gotten wealth, or to bring the passions and appetites to a reasonable subjection.—*Earl of Chatham*.

**WAS IT A JUDGEMENT.**—While Gregory Pauli was preaching against the doctrine of the Trinity, about mid-day on Trinity Sunday, 1562, in Cracow, the ball at the top of Trinity Church, where he was preaching, was struck with lightning, and thrown to the ground. This was construed by the more zealous Unitarians, into a favourable omen; while many of the other party regarded it as a token of the divine displeasure. Some said, that the blow was intended to strike terror into the heart of the preacher; but others said, that it was intended to impart new courage to him. The wiser and more reflecting part of the community were silent. When Churches are struck with lightning now, judgment mongers have little to say. The world grows wiser.

**WANDERING POETS.**—We may judge of the state of manners in Ireland a century or two ago, from a law passed in the reign of Charles I., which enacted that wandering poets, who extorted meat, drink, or relief, under threat of some scandalous rhyme, should be liable to imprisonment.

**AMUSING ANECDOTE.**—The late Archbishop of Dublin tells us of a horseman who, having lost his way, made a complete circle; when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoofs, and never dreaming they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced and said, "This, at least, shows me that I am in some track;" when the second circuit was finished, the signs of the travel were doubled, and he said, "Now, surely I am in a beaten way;" and with the conclusion of every round, the marks were increased till he was certain he must be in some well-frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town; but he was all the while riding after the horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error. So it may be with great men, who pursue their own tales in dinner circuits, newspapers and reviews, repeating the same error, till they become so misguided by it as to take an impression of their own deviations for proof that they were going right.

**SURGEON versus UNITARIANISM.**—In the preaching world Spurgeon is still a great galvanic fact—his Tabernacle is well filled every Sunday. The other Sunday his subject was, "Paul, the chief of sinners." The preacher divided sinners into classes, and in class No. 2, were placed Socinians, as the chief of sinners. He wouldn't call them Unitarians, for they (the Spurgeonites) were Unitarian and Trinitarian too. Don't you think it was the apex of charity for this young brimstone preacher, to daub us chief of sinners. But not only are we chief of sinners, but according to Sir Oracle, we are doomed for profoundest hell, where hope nor pity never comes. Here is a man condemning Unitarians and it is very likely all he knows about them, he picked up from Dr. Gill's Commentary, which Robert Hall rightly named, "Continent of mud." It's a pity these orthodox lights wouldn't take a little pains to acquaint themselves with our views and manner of living, before *ex cathedra* closing the doors of heaven against us. Never mind, Brother Spurgeon, the world moves, and so does our liberal faith—will never cease from its onward march, until foul and unnatural Calvinism is dead and buried with the wicked systems of the past, until the quixotic charlatans of hell-fire are interred in the tomb of the Capulets, and in the future will be only studied as curious fossil remains of the Theologic period.

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